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The PRESIDENT replied that he had already stated the conditions on which the Society would have the use of the great Hall of the London University. These were similar to those on which we had the use of the large Hall of Burlington House, now destroyed, when we trusted to the London University and the Royal Society, who always gave the permission from year to year.

Mr. FERGUSSON stated that accommodation might be found for meetings in their own building, as the Map-room to be built at the rear of the house would be capable, with a little fitting and arrangement, of seating 300 people, which was about as large a number as attended our meetings on ordinary occasions. All that would be required was that the map-cases should be fitted with castors; with this and the purchase of chairs, that number of people could meet in the room.

Captain SHERARD OSBORN, R.N., also spoke in favour of the Resolution. He thanked the President and the Council for their care and foresight in obtaining this building just before the expiration of the lease of the old house. As a naval officer, and, like many other members of the Society, liable to be called by duty to distant parts of the world, he thought it most important that the Royal Geographical Society should have a fixed place of abode, its own property, to which its numerous members might address themselves from all parts of the earth. He was glad that it had been determined to go no longer, hat in hand, to any Government, asking for a place. It was not a dignified position for a Society which occupies so large a place in public estimation.

The PRESIDENT then put the Resolution to the Meeting, and, on a show of hands, declared that it was passed unanimously.

In conclusion, he expressed the great gratification he felt at this unanimous vote of a General Meeting, because it testified—and this was, above all things, pleasing for a President to see—that the Council was in perfect harmony with the Society at large. The establishment of the Society in a freehold building of its own would give us the assurance of permanent existence, and it would give us additional encouragement to grant money for the equipment of expeditions; for the accumulation of funded property during later years had had for its chief object the purchase of a house, and this being at length accomplished their surplus funds would be entirely available for the exploration of distant parts of the earth.

A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Charles White, the Member of Council who had conducted the negotiations preparatory to the purchase of the House, brought the proceedings to a close.

ADDITIONAL NOTICES.

(Printed by order of Council.)

1. *Notes on the Province of Tanibé, Madagascar.* By the Rev.
JOHN HOLDING.

Position and Boundaries.—The island of Madagascar is divided into twenty-two provinces, of which *Tanibé* is one. The literal meaning of the word is “great land,” and is thus derived:—*Tany*, land; *bé*, great. (The *y* in the

Malagash language, when in the middle of a word, changes into *i*.) Thus *Tani bé*, a great land or country. It is bounded on the north by the province of the *Antavaratra*s, east by the Indian Ocean, south by the river *Hivondro*, and west by the province of Betanimena (great red land)—*Bé*, great; *tany*, land; *mena*, red.

Mountains.—The mountains of this province, which borders on the sea, are insignificant. From Hivondro to Fenoarivo the land does not begin to rise until within $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the coast. In the neighbourhood of Tamatave the hills are more distant still—about 6 miles. Near Fenoarivo the coast land is bolder and more defined—huge rocks jutting into the sea. As we approach inland the hills rise gradually until they attain in this province the height of nearly 3000 feet above the level of the sea. Each range runs parallel to the other and longitudinally with the coast, and each is separated by a narrow and beautiful valley, through which a stream meanders to its confluence with some larger stream, and flows onward to the sea, or forms stagnant lagoons in its course, enriching the rice-fields and engendering fever. The coast land from Mananzari, in the province of Antimora, in the south, to Marancetra, in the province of Antavaratra, north, at the extremity of the Bay of Antongil, is one huge belt of morass and lagoon, peopled with many varieties of fish, harbouring many beautiful and rare water-fowl, and abounding with crocodiles. To gain a distinct idea of the disposition of the mountain-ranges in Madagascar, we must set out from the dead and uniform level of the sea-coast, and lands stretching several miles inland, till we come to the foot of the first range of small hillocks of red sand, surmounted with bananas and other endogens; when we arrive at the summit of these, we generally find a village of some eight or ten houses. We see behind us the surf dashing on the shore, deafening with its roar; around us on every side rice-fields, manioc enclosures, and herds of cattle feeding; before us inland, at no great distance, a fresh and higher range of hills, approached by a circuitous path, rising gradually, making terraces as it were, almost imperceptible. When we reach the summit of this range we see behind us the stream we have crossed in a canoe, winding about lazily in the valley below—now swollen and wide by the heavy fall of rain, or nearly dry in the hot season. The small hills we have crossed are meagre, and do not show much above the dead level. We see before us a fresh range to climb, which is easily done, and then commences a range of mountains much drier and harder under foot, more solid in their formation; we still see the ocean. Twenty-five miles inland we cross another range, formed of harder substance still, of quartz rock, with crystal shining here and there. As we ascend we are almost blinded with the dazzling rays of the sun shining on its surface; still the Indian Ocean is seen, and still we hear its roar, though faintly now. We have no deep valley to cross before we reach the base of the next range; only a slight fall on the inland side, and we commence to climb another and loftier hill, and we are now upwards of 1800 feet above the sea-level, but apparently not more than 400 feet from the base of the mountain on which we stand; and so on until we reach the highest range in the centre of the island, where the various ranges are seen lying below on both sides and descending in terraces to the sea. The highest peak is near Ampalamasina, about 2870 feet above the level of the sea.

The *Rivers* in this province are Hivondro River, Vohidoity, Rangazavaka, Ifontsy, Hiarana, Paombé, Mahambo, and Fenoarivo. The Hivondro and Paombé are largest. None of these rivers are navigable; in the dry season their embouchures are stopped up, and the surrounding country is one mass of mud and alluvial deposit, left during the inundations in the rainy season. Frequently, when the rainy season commences, they change the place of embouchure. In the course of my travels along this coast I have found this the case. At one time I should be able to travel in places without any impedi-

ment in the shape of a river, or fancying the mouth in one place should find it some distance further from me, or nearer to me. When the rainy season commences a fearful scene is presented to our view, even after two days' heavy incessant rain—the banks carried away, trees come rushing down with the torrent, navigation by canoes rendered impossible; the surrounding country is inundated, the people only saved from being washed away by building their houses on the highest points near the river. The river will rise sometimes 20 to 30 feet, and fall in a few hours to the level of its natural bed. I noticed the River Hiarana when I was journeying up the stream in the month of March, 1866, to have fallen 25 feet, and even then the natives had to propel the canoe by means of long bamboo canes—the paddle was useless, the current was still so strong. Another obstacle to navigation, besides the bars at the mouth, is the frequency of cataracts—some very beautiful and lofty in their falls, others broad and shallow. The volume brought down by these cataracts after a storm is something tremendous. The sand in the beds of the rivers is mixed—talc, mica, felspar, and crystal. I have in my possession various specimens of alluvial deposit, which, though soft when gathered, is now brittle and hard as stone.

None of the streams are fordable; but they are much shallower beyond the cataracts, as a matter of course.

Lakes.—The lakes are merely lagoons of stagnant water, filled during the rainy season by the surplus waters from the rivers. These abound in the neighbourhood of Foulepoint and Mahambo; hence this is the district which is most addicted to fever and malaria. The rivers and lakes abound with fish of various kinds, all agreeable to the palate, and proving a luxury not only to the natives but to the white man who may sojourn there. The finest is similar in character to the salmon, and called *zampuna* by the natives.

The Vegetation here is of a most varied character—there is such a diversity of soil; everything is rank and luxuriant. The dead dull landscape of the coast lands is richly relieved by the magnificence of the woody prospects stretching inland, crowning the very summits of the neighbouring hills. The coast is studded with noble palm-trees (coco-palm), backed up by forests of the filao-tree, which is erect as a poplar and as bushy as a fir, the foliage being somewhat similar in configuration. In passing through the woods and forests one cannot help being filled with admiration: trees springing up spontaneously on every side, planted by Nature's own hand, growing thickly together, impassable, and entwined and embraced by a thousand parasitical plants; splendid orchids, waving to and fro, with their white waxy flowers; the vanilla, with its sweet rich perfume; the convolvulus, with its showy flowers; the splendid ferns, suspended from the branches of the trees—the beautiful bulbs lodging in the joints of the branches and in clefts. Everywhere the eye turns it grows weary with the gorgeousness of the many-coloured scene; while scarcely a ray of the sun penetrates through the huge mass of dark foliage, the ground is illuminated at night with the fireflies flitting to and fro upon the moistened grass.

Shrubs, with variegated leaves, evergreen, and bearing crimson berries; fern-trees, hanging sombrously in the shade—the plantain rearing its head beside a stream; the traveller's-tree and other species of palms towering over all; a group of mango-trees here, refreshing the weary traveller with their fruit and shade; the *Nux vomica* or caffre orange, with its prickly branches and round orange-like fruit.

The principal trees are:—The *Cycas* tree, from which sago is obtained. The *Mango-Raventsara*, cinnamon tree, orange, lemon, coco-nut, coffee-plant, mangrove, jack-fruit, bread-fruit, plantains, bananas, *Voa voanga*, *Vangueria edulis*.

Of timber trees there are ebony, mahogany, intsy, Takamaka, Foraha,

Assina, Tsary, Tsokan, Tomoona, Endramena, filao, *ravenala*, a species of palm, pandanas, called the *bacona* in Mauritius, the fibres of the bark of which sugar-bags are made. Ravenfotsy—the bark used for flooring houses, the leaves for roofing, the ribs for the walls, being fastened closely together by means of bamboos—Bamboo.

Of other trees and plants, there are gum copal, squill-tree, ferns, pine-apples, cotton-plant, mulberry, melons, sweet potatoes, manioc, sarsaparilla, liquorice, capsicum, tangena, pistache, ginger, mangosteen (a species the bark of which is used as an astringent, and, when powdered and applied to an ulcer, has the effect of healing), acacia, aloes, sugar, indigo.

Animals.—There are no large animals in Madagascar, such as we find on the mainland. The only large animal indigenous to the country is the crocodile. The cattle of the island belong to the same species as the zebu or Indian ox. These animals are reared in large quantities, and exported to Mauritius and Bourbon, about 35,000 leaving Madagascar every year, three to four dollars paid as custom dues on each animal, making a total revenue of about 20,000*l.* per annum for the Malagash Government. Cows are not permitted to be exported, only bullocks.

The lemur is plentiful, called *maka*. There is the ruffled lemur, the ring-tailed lemur, the red lemur (rare), the black-fronted lemur, the white-handed lemur, and the black lemur (common). The *Galago*, very small, and of the same family as the lemur. There is an animal very much like the *Tarsius*, called in the island *Baba koto* (boy-father). The noise these little animals make at night is astonishing. Their cry is plaintive, and would lead a stranger to imagine it was the cry of a child in pain. Monkeys and the *Tanrec vonsiraka*. Wild cat, similar to the civet. Pigs, wild and tame, which feed on roots and the *nux vomica*.

The race inhabiting this district are called Betsimisaraka, the literal meaning of which is “much not to be divided.” *Be*, great; *tsi*, not; *misaraka*, to separate or divide—thus: *much that is not to be divided*. The main characteristics of this race are:—long woolly hair, black, and sometimes hemp colour, or even reddish, beautiful large eyes, regular features, with white, well-set teeth, an expression at once sweet and good-natured, tolerably intelligent, forehead with head well set and well formed; rather narrow chin, with high cheek-bones, and moderately-sized ears. Their bodies are generally well made. The men are hardy, active, and moderately energetic, but not so much so as the Hovahs. They are generally tall and strong, with large bones, and which are mostly covered with plenty of flesh in the prime of life. The women are handsome, taken as a body, very affable, and remarkably easy in manner. They are not so dark as their female neighbours of Betanimena, probably from the fact of the infusion of white blood from the intercourse of their ancestors with the English pirates who infested this district and the island of St. Mary. There is no doubt but they have the latent fire of courage within them, but their spirits seem to have been broken by their captivity to the Hovah conquerors. In their natural condition they seem to be inclined more to peace than strife, very rarely quarrel with each other, are not sulky, although somewhat treacherous, are honest, faithful, and truthful. Their natural affections are strong when called into play. Their women have little or no idea of chastity before marriage, and the man does not ask any questions as to the former life of his mistress, but, when they marry, they undoubtedly make faithful and devoted wives. It is not looked upon as criminal to be unchaste before marriage, and frequently before marriage they live the most dissolute lives. The principal towns are Tamatave, 8000 inhabitants; Foulepoint, 1500; Hivondro, 900; Fenoarivo, 800; Mahambo, 400; Mahasoia, 280; Vohidoity, 360; Ifontsy, 180. The total population of this province will not amount to more than 45,000 persons. Tamatave, the

chief sea-port of Madagascar, stands on a point of land at the west end of Tamatave Bay. It contains a population of 8000. The town is much better built than most of the Malagash towns, and is at present divided into streets. This was done under the supervision of Raharolahy 15th Honour, who is the present governor. Before his time the natives were allowed to build their houses where they pleased, and just how they pleased. There is no pretension to architecture except amongst the foreigners. The Malagash have no public buildings except the battery, which is a rude, square, heavy building, at the north end of Tamatave, and at a short distance from the town itself. It is built of stone unhewn, and plastered over with mortar made from coral, which is abundant along this coast. The sides are perforated for about eight guns, three only of which are really serviceable, and now only used in firing salutes when a man-of-war of any other nation enters the bay, or on the arrival or departure of a consul or embassy, or for any important officer bearing despatches from the Queen of the Hovahs, Rasoherina.

The chief trade of Tamatave is in export and import goods. The chief exports are bullocks (about 30,000 per annum), rice, and fowls. For the Mauritius and Bourbon markets an occasional cargo of gum and india-rubber is exported, also tobacco. The imports are manufactured goods—such as cottons, iron-pots, clothing, and house-furniture; also rum, and other spirituous liquors; beer, porter, liqueurs, wines, &c. It is not unusual for traders to barter their rum for cattle. A fat bullock costs on board between 14 and 15 dollars, and is sold in Mauritius for 7*l.*, or 35 dollars.

Wood is not permitted to be exported, by a recent ordinance made in the present queen's reign. Hides are exported from Tamatave. The chief employment at Tamatave is mat-making, rice-bag making, fancy boxes, cigar-cases, which employment is altogether confined to the women, who earn about sixpence a day each, which is quite adequate for their maintenance. Two-pennyworth of rice will support one person, and the rest goes for *bouillon* and *betsa-betsa*, a drink made from the sugar-cane, and *toaka* (rum). They need very little for clothes. The lower orders are content with a skirt or short petticoat of matting, made from rough dry grass, and a small boddice for covering the neck, which they call an *akanza*, and which is made of coloured calico, and costs very little. The men wear a smock of the same material as the woman's skirt, or, if they are more respectable than ordinary, a cotton lamba of variegated hues. This lamba is a long flowing piece of cotton, about 2½ yards long and 2 feet broad, and is wrapped round their bodies in a manner similar to the Roman toga. The richer class among the women have a petticoat of cotton, a boddice of the same material, and the lamba over all. It is plain calico or linen on ordinary days, but, on particular days of festivity or custom, they usually have cotton lambas mixed with silk, or even silk lambas, which they sell to Europeans for 7, 8, or 10 pounds sterling.

The men are usually engaged in fetching rice, wood for building, and cattle and poultry from the country, to supply the market and shipping; others in pounding rice (cleaning it of the husk), fishing, labouring for the Europeans, or engaged in what is called the "Fandroana," or queen's service; making improvements about the battery or the Hovah town. They are liable to be called upon at any time to perform this service, for which they receive no pay, and not even rations frequently. Even the servants of the white traders may be caught by the Hovah "police" if seen in the streets, and forced to labour; and several times I have had to cook my own food, for the cook, when engaged in marketing, has been captured, and led away to compulsory labour. It is of no use resisting: the answer is, "It is the queen's service," and all are considered slaves to the queen. If you ask a Malagash who is his master, if he is free, he will say, the queen; if a slave, he will give you the name of his immediate owner.

The country to the west of Tamatave is a dead, unbroken level, a vast plain about five miles inland, southward to Hivondra, and north to Ampangalana. The streets are even and regular, but most disagreeable to traverse, on account of the great quantity of sand all about. Each foreigner who intends to make Tamatave his home for any lengthened period, sets about building a nice comfortable house, with verandahs screening him from the scorching rays, and the fearful rains which prevail; creepers of various kinds entwine, fruit-trees are planted all around in his compound, and in time his home becomes really luxurious.

Foulepoint is a town lying to the north of Tamatave, about 37 miles distant. It is an irregularly built town, with narrow streets. The native name is *Mahavelona*. It is a tolerably safe port, and during the fine season, when hurricanes are rare, vessels can be moored opposite the custom-house. The anchorage is good and firm, and vessels of any tonnage can be admitted into the roadstead. There is a huge reef, extending a mile seaward, parallel to the coast, which is dry at low water. There are many fine coco-nut trees extending along the coast, and mangroves here and there. *Foulepoint* is almost surrounded with stagnant lagoons, stretching from the River *Hiarana* to the outskirts of *Mahambo*, a distance of 19 miles. These lagoons are well stocked with crocodiles, which are so audacious as to approach even the town itself, carrying off pigs and young calves. In fact, after a certain hour at night, the passage between the *Betsimisaraka* town and the *Hovah* village near the battery is not safe for any one to travel. When I have been entering *Foulepoint* from *Hiarana*, I have felt the poor bearers trembling beneath me, fancying every log of wood was a hideous crocodile. *Apropos* of this, I have seen crocodiles here 16 feet long, basking in the sun or rolling in the mud. When I was staying with Mr. Du Casse, a creole of Mauritius, who has a village on the banks of the *Hiarana*, one of the slave boys, who had gone down to the stream to procure water, was dragged by a huge crocodile into the water, drowned in the deep part of the stream, and then eaten up in the jungle. Our catechist at Tamatave, when on duty at Hivondro, saw three young women walking along the banks of the river, and a crocodile came and dragged the one nearest the stream into the water, and, after swimming across the river with her, disappeared in the jungle on the opposite bank. Mr. De Castelle told me that, when he was being paddled in a canoe on the lagoons south of Hivondro, near *Andevoranda*, the native who was steering the canoe was dragged out by a crocodile into the stream, first drowned, and then eaten by the voracious animal. It is not unusual, when passing up the River *Hiarana*, to see at least a score of these horrid brutes, basking on the banks, in the short distance of 100 yards. Their eggs are seen lying on the sand on either hand. The natives have the greatest horror of them, yet withal reverence them. The *odys*, or charms, are composed of crocodiles' teeth, intermixed with small portions of their ancestors' bones. These charms are always carried about with them; the *ampi sikidy* having sold them or prepared them, they are considered as talismans against any danger. They are generally worn about the neck, ancles, or wrists. Whenever I have asked the natives to remove these charms, they have looked upon me with the greatest horror.

The town of *Foulepoint* may be said to be divided into two parts, which it is. The portion occupied by the *Betsimisaraka* and *Hovah* traders is called *Mahavelona*, and the town surrounding the battery which commands the roadstead and *Betsimisaraka* town is called *Antanava*, or *Hovah Town*. In the first, the poor *Betsimisaraka* dwell and carry on their various avocations; here also the *Hovah* and foreign traders reside, and several *Hovah* officials are in command of the "police." The chief of the custom-house also resides here. The foreign traders live as near the sea-side as possible; in fact, the whole extent of land here bordering on the coast is occupied by them, except a small

portion surrounding the custom-house. The largest houses in Foulepoint are in the hands of foreigners, such as Mr. Charles Jeanette, who was formerly a schoolmaster in Bourbon, but who has been resident in Madagascar for twenty-seven years. He is a most enlightened man, and although, having fallen into the habits of the country, there is much in him which is sterling. He is in possession of about fifty slaves; formerly he had about three hundred. The men are instructed in various kinds of handicraft, such as those of a smith, net-worker, brazier, carpenter, boat-builder, &c. All the nets he has have been woven by his own slaves, the string spun by them, and the lead weights and corks moulded and attached. All his canoes have been modelled and constructed by his slaves. He makes nails for his own use, bolts, screws, and other implements of iron, such as rough knives, axes, and hammers; and, lastly, they have built a pretty little schooner, called *L'Espérance*, about 18 tons, which trades along the coast.

The Hovah traders do the retail trade. There are about 2000 bullocks exported from Foulepoint every year, and about 180 tons of rice, while in return they receive about 560 barrels of rum, or 27,000 gallons. These are carried away into the villages in the interior, and sold retail by the Hovah traders. For one barrel of rum the trader will receive two bullocks. Rice-bags and mats are also exported. The means of subsistence are similar to those of the people of Tamatave, the occupation and the trade being the same. The trade of Foulepoint is evidently declining, and that of Mahambo is increasing; the reason is the fever, and the utter impossibility of Europeans existing in this "white man's grave." The fever prevails here during the greater part of the year, and is most destructive to the life of the Europeans. Near to the English temporary church of St. Mary, in the centre of a splendid plain, is the cemetery of the foreigners. It is a fit resting-place for the dead. Rank vegetation all around; stagnant marshes, emitting their deadly miasma; a line of lofty trees, with luxuriant foliage—the mangosteen species—runs along the beach, imparting quite a park-like appearance to the place.

Mahambo is the port of the Antsianaka nation, and there is no doubt but that in time it will become an important rendezvous. There is good anchorage and deep water, and the place is much healthier than Foulepoint. At present rice is much cheaper than at any other port, but this may be owing to the fact that there is at present no competition. The town or village consists of one long narrow street, beginning at the beach and leading to the battery, which is built of red sandstone and mounted by two small guns. It is a rude structure, uncemented by mortar, and built in a circular form, with loop-holes for the sentries. The governor's house is outside the battery, and the soldiers reside in the immediate neighbourhood, in wretched leaf-huts *out of the battery*. There are three traders living here: one exports rice and bullocks, another rice and tobacco, and another (French) salt pork and beef and hides. Rum and cottons are the principal imports. There is a rivalry springing up between this place and Foulepoint, and, as I said, this port must give way to Mahambo, not only on account of health, but the population seem to be leaving Foulepoint, after the fire of 1866. Then there is every facility for reaching the interior, and this port commands the country and provinces of Antsianaka, which is rich in cattle and rice, while Betanimena is becoming impoverished. As far as the anchorage goes, Mahambo is by far the best; for, if a heavy storm comes on, the length of land jutting into the sea at Foulepoint is frequently washed away, and returns in another position and attitude. I have seen the point washed away twice in three years! The road from Foulepoint to Mahambo is much pleasanter than from Tamatave to Foulepoint; we have to pass through a splendid wood about half-way. It is very refreshing to leave the sea-side, with its heavy sand, its rolling surf, and glittering spray, to range through green meadows, and experience the

cool temperature of the woods, after the burning heat we have had along the sands. The landscape around Mahambo, too, is much prettier. The hills advance nearer to the shore, and are covered with wood; rivulets flow across the plain, first rippling down the hill-side, and at length emerging from the shadows of the woods, glide in smooth and shining streams across the fields and plain into the sea. There is a coral barrier-reef extending along the coast; this is the only place where one can safely have a sea-bathe. The sea at Tamatave and Foulepoint is swarming with sharks; but here on the soft sands, when the tide is up, one can shelter behind the inner barriers, and enjoy it to one's heart's content.

Fenoarivo.—This town is about 12 to 14 miles north of Mahambo. The road to Fenoarivo is partly along the coast, and partly through meadows and woods. When the road merged into the woods, it was tolerably romantic and pretty. The sea-coast is much more elevated than the rest of the coast from Hivondro to Mahambo, which is really one dead uniform level. It is very pretty, when dashing through the woods, to catch an occasional glimpse, every now and again, of the sea curling round immense rocks which run jutting into the sea; then at another moment winding down into a deep hollow between two rocky cliffs, with overhanging foliage drooping with every shade of flower and fruit, lovely ferns everywhere; then crossing a swift-running stream, the men, as they walk along, dashing the water about in such happy glee; next moment, emerging from the gloom of overhanging branches, bursting upon the prospect of a splendid bay, curving beautifully into the land, with many little coral islands spotted here and there; then away again into the woods, and at length Fenoarivo bursts upon our view. A long, large bay is before us, running to a sharp point of rock, on which the Hovah flagstaff stands, with its white ensign fluttering in the breeze; then widening gradually as it extends along the coast, until the beach is lost sight of in the rugged mountainous region of Point Zarre. An island stands at the south end of the bay.

The town of Fenoarivo is irregular, as are most Malagash towns. There is only one main street, which leads you to the battery and along the banks of the River Fenoarivo. There is a small custom-house near the river. The whole, or nearly the whole, trade of Fenoarivo is in the hands of Mr. De Castelle, who has large plantations of rice and coffee on the opposite bank of the river, stretching as far as the village of Soavola, where most of his labourers reside. I visited these plantations, and found them in most excellent order, exhibiting taste and thorough practical knowledge. The coffee-trees seemed very vigorous, and the soil well adapted for their culture. On the way back I visited the European cemetery: there are a few graves; it is a wild, neglected place on the borders of the sea. The beach here is composed of black sand; I supposed grains of iron and lead. Mr. De Castelle was telling me, during the walk, of the opposition he had met with from the Hovahs in his attempts at improvements. He built a jetty, to facilitate his work of embarking rice, &c., and receiving goods from the ships, which are anchored about half-a-mile from the point, as, when the tide is out, the river is blocked up by a broad sand-bar, and it is impossible to land goods on the beach, owing to the fall of the surf upon the sands. He had no sooner completed this jetty and arranged a code of signals on the same plan as Captain Marryatt's, than the Hovah officials came and demolished his jetty and cut down his flag-staff, saying the jetty was to land the French, and the flags for signalling the men-of-war as they passed.

The road to the "battery" leads through the town, and through pleasant meadows, until we arrive at a swamp which extends to the north, and ends near the hills about 5 or 6 miles distant in the interior. The road to the Hovah town leads across this swamp by means of a wooden bridge. It is not by

any means a safe mode of travelling. Every step we take we are in danger of falling headlong into the dismal miry swamp below. When I first traversed these bridges, it was at extreme peril and with much difficulty, on my hands and knees; but practice gradually enabled me to cross with a certain degree of facility. As soon as the swamp is crossed, we commence the ascent of several small hillocks, by a circuitous pathway, until we reach the Hovah town. We pass the first palisading after traversing the one main street, and reach the first battery boundary. Here we are challenged by a Hovah sentinel, who has been playing a game at *fifauga* to while away the time. I give him my name and tell him that my business is to pay my respects to the commandant. After waiting some time here, surrounded by many curious to know our business, we are at length commanded to enter. The ascent to the battery is very steep, after passing through various winding stockades of wood pointed at the extremity, we stand within the inner fence of palisading, before the Governor's house, which stands on a level, or small tableland, on the highest point of the hills, and commanding an extensive view. The whole of Fenoarivo is seen, with the bay. The mountains running parallel with and near the coast, and stretching northward to the river Managoro, are seen to great advantage. The house is well built and lofty, and is the first Malagash house with two stories I have seen along the coast, except the batteries of Tamatave and Foulepoint. The battery is not very imposing, as its name would denote, consisting as it does of a series of high barricades of wood. I am invited into the house, and mount the stairs. I found the Governor at a disadvantage, suffering from the ill-effects of a night's debauch. There had been a merrymaking of some kind or other in the town, and he looked very sleepy and dirty. His wife, or *vady makay*, was a Betsimisarakaka, and sat on the floor beside him. This wife was in mourning for her mother—all her hair hanging dishevelled on her shoulders, and bristling about in every direction. After having spoken of my errand, and requested permission to be allowed to teach the people of Fenoarivo and Vohimasina (Hovah town), and gained it, we began a desultory conversation on various matters, which lasted about half-an-hour, when he gave me a glass of vermouth, and asked me to drink *veloma* (success) to Rasoharina their queen. I did so, and he drank to the health of Queen Victoria. This is always customary. Having said "Good-day" to them all, I commenced my return journey to Fenoarivo. In passing through Vohimasina I found that three-fourths of the houses had been burnt down on the previous night. There had been, as I have stated, some merrymaking, and the people seem to have partaken too freely of *betsa betsaka*, and during the time of revelry the houses had caught fire, and nearly all were swept away by the devouring element. I should suppose the sight from Fenoarivo was grand, the hill on which Vohimasina stands being encircled with a crown of flames for upwards of three hours.

In passing through Fenoarivo I saw the butchers' stalls, or rather the place where the butcher's meat is sold. The carcase lies on clean mats, spread out on the ground. There is only one killing-day in the week here, the demand for flesh meat being almost entirely confined to the white traders, who are frequently the only ones able to purchase it. The natives are satisfied with rice and occasionally a fowl, or such fish as are caught in the river without much exertion. At Foulepoint, they kill twice a week, at Tamatave every day. The owner of the bullock must first send the choicest piece to the Governor of the place before he can sell any to others. This is called the queen's beef, and is really a government levy.

The English Church is the only religious body having any place of worship here. It has a temporary chapel in the main street, which cost 14 dollars—a portion of which was contributed by the native Christians.

Fenoarivo is much healthier than any of the other ports in this province.

Indeed, the European trader may remain here during the entire fever season without suffering much from the effects of this dreadful scourge. The ground is not so damp, and the elevated position of Fenoarivo lifts one out from the surrounding lowlands of pestilential swamps, and, to a certain extent, from the influence of their deadly miasmas. The anchorage of Fenoarivo is good, but the bay is much exposed to the east winds, and occasional hurricanes, which visit the coast of Madagascar during the months of January, February, and March.

The next place of importance along the coast is *Hivondro*, which lies about 8 miles south of Tamatave. It derives most of its importance from historical connection. It was the dwelling-place of the old princes of the Betsimisaraka in that district. The last chief was Fish, father of Mdle. Juliet, or, as she is called by the natives, Reniboto. This man Fish, or Fiche, was the last of the Betsimisaraka rulers, and was the only one who held out bravely against the invasion of this territory by the Hovahs under King Radama I. When Jean René, the chief of Tamatave, succumbed to the Hovah authority, and ceded his territory to the Hovah king, in presence of a crowd of witnesses of both nations, on the banks of a small stream $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Tamatave called Maraukarezo, Fiche sought an asylum, on the apostacy of his half-brother Jean René, in the Isle of Prunes, which lies about 7 miles to the north-east of Tamatave Bay. But having returned two years afterwards, he was surprised in his intrenchment at Hivondro, and he and most of his followers were massacred on the spot. Sergeant Brady, who was sent out to Madagascar by Sir Robt. Farquhar to teach the Hovah soldiers drill, is supposed to have murdered Fiche in cold blood. Reniboto was carried to Bourbon, and educated in the Roman Catholic schools there. She maintains the liveliest animosity against the English, and persists in believing that her father perished by an Englishman's hand, and looks upon the English as the cause of all her family's misfortunes.

Hivondro is important, not only on account of its historical connexions, but on account of its position on the river Hivondro. This river is navigable for many miles inland. It is also connected with the southern lakes, and is on the road to the capital, Antananarivo. Hivondro presents a curious spectacle in the rice season. Along the banks, or mooring-places for the canoes, we see representatives from various provinces—the Betsimisaraka, Betanimena, the Antimoras and Antisakas. The Antimoras and Antisakas, with their round skull-cups made of rice-straw or grass, such as we see the lower class of Mahomedans wearing, and the Antisakas from the district south of Manangary are there, looking more savage and wild than any. I have seen some two hundred canoes lying moored here at a time, each canoe containing upwards of thirty-five bags of rice, and each bag weighing 100 lbs. This rice is landed at Hivondro, and conveyed from thence to Tamatave, to supply the rice-vessels trading between this island and Mauritius and Bourbon.

The town consists of one long narrow street, running parallel with the arm of the river which comes from the north. The houses on the whole are well built—much more so, I think, than most Malagash houses. There is here a chapel belonging to the Church of England, at the north end of the village, directly facing the road leading into the town from Tamatave. The district round Hivondro is very bleak and uninteresting: sand-hills rise from the shore, and, to a certain degree, screen the town from the strong breezes which blow from the south-east in the hurricane months; but their position is manifestly unfortunate in another sense, for the very breezes which might be destructive in one way, would in another be most beneficial in blowing back the dreadful effluvia which the land-breezes bring from the jungles, swamps, and marshlands on every side the broad river. The country inland is very flat for some miles along the valley of the river until we reach *Mahasoa*, where Mr. Ferdinand

Fiche, son of Reniboto, has a sugar-plantation and rum distillery. There is here also a small body of Christians, who meet in a temporary chapel in connexion with the Church of England, but who have been interdicted from worshipping by Mr. Fiche; so when they can they go to Hivondro church—when they cannot, they worship at night in one of their houses.

Vohidoity, a village about 9 miles to the north of Tamatave, is a miserably unhealthy place on the bend of the River Vohidoity, just where it commences to wind along the coast for about half-a-mile, when it enters the sea. The village itself is a little elevated, some 30 feet above the river, while below and on the whole western sides are stagnant lagoons and fever-breeding jungle, the usual haunts of crocodiles; in fact, these amphibious animals are so numerous here, that after sundown no one dares to go near the stream, and any unlucky traveller who arrives here after sunset must perforce content himself with staying in this wretched village, sleeping in a miserable hut, and inhaling the noisome pestilential vapours.

The river is broad and deep, and well stocked with a variety of capital fish, which the natives catch in baskets and with nets.

The chief of this place is called *Betsauga*, and is a relative of Fiche, the former chief of Hivondro. He is a vicious old rogue. In the centre of the village is a pole, surmounted with bullock's horns, the souvenirs of the last festival of circumcision. When a child is circumcised, a bullock is killed and the horns are placed on the top of the post, round which the people sit when the ceremony of circumcision is being performed.

There is a bridge of rough shapeless wood across one branch of the river which leads into the road conducting to the north side of the village; and a few yards outside the town, on the road to Foulepoint, is a tomb of some former chief. There are two large stones set on end, and covered with white cotton cloth, and two poles surmounted with bullock's horns, which are decorated with white and red rags. Near this place I saw the *indigo* plant growing very luxuriantly in a wild state.

The next village of any importance is *Ifontsy*, which is about 14 miles to the north of Vohidoity. It stands on the east side of the island which bears the same name, and which is formed by the confluence of two unimportant streams, one coming from the south-west and the other from the south. This district derives its name from the trees, called Ravenfotsy, which grow in great numbers in the vicinity. There are no large houses, unless we except the one belonging to Raintairy, 13th Honour and Custom-house official at Tamatave, who has much land and many slaves in the neighbourhood. Mr. Joseph Condelari, an Italian living at Foulepoint, speculated in an hotel, but found it would not pay. Ifontsy is the stopping-place between Tamatave and Foulepoint. There is here a Queen's house for the use of travellers passing through, and a flag-staff at the end of the village. The white flag is hoisted when any officer of distinction passes through. On the west or left bank of the River Ifontsy, Mr. Laplace, a French carpenter, commenced boat-building; but when he had completed a very handsome chasse maré, he was not permitted to launch it by the authorities. His endeavours to obtain permission have been vain; the answer given was always, "We do not allow timber to be exported." The village is very neat and dry, but far from being free from fever, which is generated in the neighbouring swamps and jungles. A sail round the island in a canoe is quite a treat; the variation of the foliage from the overhanging woods is quite delightful. I found some very beautiful ferns in this neighbourhood. The country between Ifontsy and Foulepoint is very beautiful until we reach the stagnant lagoons in the immediate neighbourhood of the latter place.

Ampalamasina is a village in the interior west from Tamatave. It stands upon a high mountain and is reached by passing through a most interesting

country, quite refreshing to a foreigner who has been living along the coast some time. The air is bracing, and there is no fever. It is so named from there being in the village a huge boulder, which is revered by the people in the neighbourhood. The hill-sides are covered with various kinds of trees and shrubs, and I noticed a great number of ferns. In one of the valleys I saw a group of splendid fern-trees. The scenery about Ampalamasina is magnificent; splendid valleys; stupendous mountain cliffs, rugged and precipitous; beautiful cascades, dashing down the mountain sides, then gurgling over rocks and winding merrily through the valleys; the varied tints of foliage—gorgeous brilliancy of flowers. On the whole it is a magnificent country. The village consists of one main street and of about thirty-two houses. The prospect from the summit is grand—huge black mountains stretching away inland, and running in one unbroken line to the district opposite Hivondro. The highest peak is about 2800 feet high. From this I was able to see Tamatave, Foulepoint, Vohidoity, and Ifontsy, and the country south of Hivondro. The sea was distant in a direct line about 32 miles. This seems to me to be a delightful sanatorium for fever-stricken white men.

Manners and Customs.—Much has been said of the moral condition of the people in the Malagash towns; but much beyond this remains to be spoken. We have said that the Malagash people are immoral, and have little or no notion of chastity. This is only too painfully the case wherever the traveller may sojourn in this remarkable island. The most painful aspect of the thing is seen in the custom of offering their women to the white traveller passing through their country. Even the most respectable, the most intelligent, do not scruple to offer their wives and daughters for the white man's use. Unhappily this custom still exists. The white traders, not over scrupulous or conscientious, avail themselves of this state of things, and we see in many towns and villages children much lighter than the rest of the people around—and these are the result of the atrocious custom of which I am speaking. It is a custom for the head of a village to do this when any stranger of any importance passes through the place; it is looked upon as a portion of the hospitality which he must extend to his guest. The women never object to conform to this odious custom, but prostitute their bodies willingly, in the hope of having offspring whiter than themselves. The large towns are a painful illustration of this, where prostitution is recognised by the authorities as a matter of gain to the Government, for every woman who lives in this capacity has to pay a certain fee or tax. She is required also to render certain important services when called upon by the officials, such as going out to meet an officer on his entrance into a town or village, or escorting him to the outskirts of the village, and sometimes to the next stopping-place on his journey. They lead the procession with singing, dancing, and clapping of hands. Their songs are generally a description, not of a man's virtues, but of his history. They detail the origin of his family, his deeds in war, and his conquests in love. When the two ambassadors arrived at Foulepoint I was present and accompanied them into the town, quite ignorant of the capacity or profession of these women. They saluted us on landing from the boat with clapping of hands and singing in a monotone something or other, which I could not then understand, but which I found, on enquiring, was a "welcome home" to the ambassadors. The female friends of the ambassadors came crouching before them, with head bent down and the right hand extended forward from the breast, with the palm open and fingers close, and, when close enough, the women threw themselves upon the ground and kissed the ambassadors' feet. The slaves advanced, also crouching, as did those of lower degree, although free; but the position of the hand with the slave was different—his hand was placed at the back of his head on the nape of the neck. It was pleasant to see these men respect the higher class of women: instead of permitting them to kiss their feet, they stooped down

gently and lifted the women up, and smiling, spoke a kind word to them. The greeting on first meeting was very interesting to one who was utterly unacquainted with their manners and customs. The true nature of female friends displayed itself: they wept for very joy to see their countrymen, who had crossed the sea to a far off land some thousands of miles away, to dwell for about thirteen months amongst palefaced strangers, now return safe and well. Many had felt that they would never see them again, and many, in whose hearts hope had long since withered and died, found the flame anew kindled, and they could not express their welcome but in sobs and tears. The cannons in the battery saluted them, the flag in the battery fluttered in the breeze, and soft music was heard in the distance; the second governor and other officials came to escort them through the town to the battery. It would be as well here to describe the band and the military array which came to lead us to the governor, who had remained behind to do the honours customary in the country. The band instruments consisted of three clarionets, three drums, and two trumpets.

The soldiers drew up in a single line, marshalled by several officers in black cloth. The private soldiers were nearly all Hovahs, and were bare-legged, their only attire being a waist-cloth or *tsadiadraka*, and a *lamba*, or flowing robe, flung negligently over the left shoulder, and then across the back and over the right shoulder, hanging down to the knees. The caps they wore seemed to have been selected indiscriminately from the receptacle of some Jew or marine-store dealer, straw hats, sailors' tarpaulin, soldiers' forage-caps, quaker's hat, and cocked hats of every rank and service. The various arms consisted of the curved swords of the officers, native make, similar to the old sailor's hanger. The private soldiers had each an old flint firelock, and a spear, which they planted in the ground in front of them when standing at ease or using the firelock. Each gun had a bayonet attached to it. A cartridge-box and powder-flask, both made of rough untanned bullock skin, were suspended across the shoulder and fastened round the waist. We were carried, as were the ambassadors, and principally by Betsimisarakas bearers, on what are termed *filanzanas*, which means in English "a thing to carry." These bearers are called *mpilauzana*, bearers-carriers to the battery. We entered beneath the long arch which opens into the interior of the battery, and saw the governor awaiting us beneath a verandah. He took no notice of us as we entered, and the soldiers at once formed in line. The commander gave the word, "Rear rank, open order, march." As at Mahambo, there was no rear rank. It seems they have learned these words and know not their signification. Each of the ambassadors put the soldiers through various evolutions! and when each had finished his command, the band struck up and played a tune. When all had put the soldiers "through their facings," &c., the band struck up "God save the Queen," the old English melody, and the governor came forward to salute us, bowing very low. His manner was affable and affectionate to the ambassadors.

It was not pleasant, although gratifying, to stand to be saluted in the blazing sun, our feet burning on the hot sand. We were invited to the governor's room, and had to pledge the two Queens of Madagascar and England in vermouth and champagne. At 9-30 p.m. we returned to the battery for supper, escorted by the soldiers bearing torches. The officers were all dressed most superbly, some in red uniforms, some in blue. We had for supper, in order:—1. Soup. 2. Rice and beef. 3. Rice with turkey and guinea-fowl. 4. One whole young sucking-pig. 5. Fish and rice. 6. Rice and curry. Many of the officers seemed unaccustomed to the use of knives and forks, and used their fingers; others used their fingers from the want of knives and forks. The way in which the pig was carved was startling. It was literally cut in two by grasping it at the back of the head with the left

hand, and smashing the back-bone with the huge sword-like carver, which was native-made. One half was handed over to the other side of the table amid much merriment. The head was severed, and choice morsels cut from the sides and handed over to the governor and visitors. One thing I remarked which was amusing, though disgusting. If the governor espied a nice morsel on the plate of his aide-de-camp, who sat next to him, he would at once snatch it from his plate and help himself with his fingers, throwing the bones, or rather emptying the bones, from his own plate on the young man's, who seemed quite used to that sort of thing, and felt honoured, no doubt, that his superior had deigned even to notice him at all, much more to deprive him of the choice things upon his plate, and indeed he seemed very much pleased to have the honour of picking the bones which his master had left.

The mode of dining in the more primitive form is much more real and enjoyable. Every one seems at ease and comfortable, because in a natural position. The rice having boiled its stated time in an earthenware or iron pot on the fire, is produced, steaming hot, and poured upon nice green leaves (ravenfontsy) spread out on nice mats upon the floor. The soup is prepared, the wild fowl or beef has been roasted and boiled, and all sit down on the floor to dinner. Each person has given him, or her, by the slaves, several slips of the same leaf, which are instantly converted into *shovels*, or rather extemporaneous spoons. The rice is shovelled up and held over the left shoulder, that a slave may pour upon it the soup or *bouillon*. This is emptied into the mouth, and each person helps himself to the fowl and beef with his fingers. When all have had sufficient, a slave goes round with a bamboo-cane and pours water into each person's hands to cleanse them. The Malagash are particularly clean in this respect. The teeth are washed and the mouth cleansed after every meal; the consequence is we rarely find a Malagash with unsound teeth or impure breath. The teeth of the Malagash people generally are white and beautiful.

The Betsimisarakas are remarkably clean in their habits. When I have been travelling about the country I have remarked how frequently they bathe. Whenever we rested at a stream these men (the bearers) had a plunge, and purified themselves from the perspiration and dust which had accumulated on the journey. I never knew them to enter into a town or village without first washing themselves in a stream and arranging their attire. The consequence naturally follows that we very rarely find leprosy and skin-disease amongst them. But amongst the Hovahs it is very common. The lepers in Tamatave and Foulepoint were all Hovahs.

It must be remembered the Hovahs lead a more settled and sedentary life than do the Betsimisarakas. The Hovahs along the coast very rarely work. Their chief occupations being trading and employment on the Queen's service, such as soldiers, police, or customs. Many of these men never see or touch water from year to year, except to drink.

The great curse of the people seems to be *drink*. The quantity of rum imported is enormous. Only take Foulepoint for example, and we find that every year there are 2250 gallons of rum imported every month, or 22,500 gallons per annum; while at Tamatave there are 112,700 gallons imported. The natives also prepare a native drink called *betsa-betsa*.

2.—Journey from Tamatave to the French Island Colony of St. Mary, Madagascar. By T. WILKINSON, Esq.

December 17th, 1868.—Early this morning I left Tamatave, with my palanquin and bearers, for the French colony of St. Mary, to the north of